

Someone with a keen insight to what is fitting has called him "Wordrow" Wilson.

Judge Lamm is no wetter than Col. Gardner, and he never carried a "loaded" can into politics, either. Vote for Lamm.

The striking milk wagon drivers in St. Louis have found Democratic prosperity to have a strong taste of the pump.

The Democratic state platform endorses the Major administration complete, from the three hundred thousand dollar swipe from the school fund to the happy families on the payroll.

President Wilson is for giving the railroad men an eight hour day and tax the cost to the people through a raise in railroad rates. The consumer always gets the hot end of the poker.

The Missouri Democracy is to the front again with its periodic promise of economy and careful financial management, acting, presumably, on the theory that the people can be fooled all the time.

The Democrats in this congressional district are up against a peculiar situation. If they support President Wilson's naval expansion policy they discredit Congressman Hensley for his small navy ideas, and vice versa around the other way.

You should make due allowance for the Democratic statement that Wilson is the greatest president that ever lived. They will be saying the same thing of the next president they elect, if they ever elect another. It's a case of "off with his head," if they don't hold him like that.

The Deutschland has arrived back home all safe, but we doubt if she will ever make another round trip while the war lasts. Having failed to catch her, our British friends know that they have a strong sympathizer in the White House to appeal to should the Deutschland come back for another cargo.

One thing we may be sure of, and that is that the munitions manufacturers and J. P. Morgan will contribute liberally to Woodrow Wilson's campaign fund. They owe it to him, for he has been their good friend, even though it jarred the daylight of his neutrality and humanity protestations.

The statement that John D. Rockefeller has an income of \$50,000,000 a year ought set the common people of this country, each of whom is "a king in his own right," to do some serious thinking in the way of rendering judgment. The average yearly income of each one of us little "kings" is \$500. A little sum in division shows that Rockefeller is "a king for his share" of the nation's wealth produced annually one hundred thousand times as much as the average worker of the masses, farmers included, receives. If it isn't confiscation then the word has lost its meaning in this connection. We may take pride in possessing the "richest man in the world," but to tickle our ego in this manner marks us as a nation of unmitigated chumps.

The State treasury had quite a windfall the other day. The reorganization fee of the Frisco Railroad, \$225,064, was paid in and \$113,130.34 of it was at once transferred to the school fund to wipe out a deficit there for last year, resulting from the raid by the Major administration on that fund a year or so ago. Our Democratic exchanges in their canned editorials have insisted all along that no deficit existed and that the State Treasurer was paying all warrants right up to the minute. But just the same the State University had to go to the banks to get the money to keep going and the treasury fell behind \$50,000 in its state aid to rural town high schools that had the teachers' training course.

But now all is serene again. The Frisco fee has vindicated the "careful" management of the State's finances by the Democratic party, and maybe the voters won't think about that swipe at the school fund any more.

The troubles in the Republican State Committee will not extend to the Republican voters of Missouri. The dissension that arose over the election of the State Chairman was clearly the effect of St. Louis brewery politics trying to dictate the election of the chairman against the wishes of a majority of the committee. The untimely retirement of the chairman, leader of the brewery wing, from the committee when he failed to get his man Howell in the chair proves the attempt at brewery control. In Missouri this year the breweries have played a bold game for life. They influenced the nomination of both the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor, so the dry vote of either party has no choice there either one way or the other. But the Democratic state organization has accepted brewery dominance in its party affairs without a murmur. That is the difference between the two parties in this situation. The Democrats need votes in Missouri this year, and will part with their honor and eyesight to get them. So all is smooth sailing between the leaders and the brewery wing of that party. However, the voters will have an opportunity this year in dealing with this pernicious and persistent influence quite outside of party politics. State-wide prohibition will be up in November for another decision. The drys of both parties can unite on that ground and put the breweries out of politics in Missouri for good and all.

Political Pointers.

It is said that Japan and China are likely to go to war. And if they do, will we have to build a statue to Woodrow Wilson for keeping us out of it?

No, Bildad, it is a coffin trust and not a hollow cane trust that Col. Gardner has the honor to be president of. The canes are complimentary. He soaks you alright alright on the coffin.

A Republican victory in Missouri this year would be notice to the outside world that the state has quit its foolishness and would bring millions of dollars of productive investment this way. That would be worth while. The chances are that the people of Missouri will not know just how badly off their state government at Jeff City is until the new administration, under Judge Lamm, gets a chance to open the books and turn on some high candle power.

Col. George W. Bailey, a lifelong Democrat of Brookfield, Mo., has written a public letter saying that no true Democrat can consistently vote for Col. F. D. Gardner, the head of the coffin trust, the meanest and most heartless of all commercial combinations.

Some people are very much perturbed that Mr. Hughes should criticize Mr. Wilson so sharply. Well, Mr. Wilson is running for a second term of the presidency on his own record, isn't he? And Mr. Hughes is telling the truth about him, ain't he? What do those people expect from Mr. Hughes, anyway, approval of all Wilson's bum plays as president of these great United States?

The Gordon Family Pay-Roll.

Much has been said the past several months about the Gordon family pay roll, and in order that the voters may know the exact facts we had the records investigated and found the following members on the pay roll:

John P. Gordon, auditor and ex officio member of state boards, salary about \$1,000 a year; Oma G. Gordon, wife of John P. Gordon, clerk in his office at salary of \$1,500; Morris G. Gordon, su-

pervisor building and loan department, \$2,400; Nellie Gordon, clerk in building and loan department, \$900; Willard King, brother-in-law of Morris Gordon, chief clerk in auditor's office, salary, \$2,400.

In addition to the above, Lafayette Gordon, another son of John P. Gordon, who travels for Buxton & Skinner, sells the auditor's office books and supplies, amounting to a large sum each year. Mrs. Gordon has drawn pay as a clerk in the auditor's office since January 1, 1913, excepting about three months in 1914. M. G. Gordon was a clerk in the auditor's office from Jan. 1, 1909, to June 20, 1912, at which time he was appointed to his present position. Altogether the Gordon family has drawn more than \$50,000 from the State treasury in the past seven and a half years. That sum would buy several good "river bottom farms."—New Bloomfield News.

Just "Figgerin'."

The question of whether or not the Thirteenth Congressional District is Republican or Democratic is causing a lot of fellows to wear out pencils "figgerin'." With the aid of Con. Roach's "Blue Book," edition of 1916, we present the following which shows the lead of Mr. Hensley over Senator Stone in the counties of the district two years ago: Bollinger 25, Carter 7, Iron 13, Jefferson 180, Madison 25, Perry 17, Reynolds 5, St. Francois 14, Ste. Genevieve 10, Washington 20, Wayne 30. Total 515.

Hensley's plurality was only 515. Had these 515 Republican votes gone to the Republican nominee he would have been elected by 56 votes. Sager, the Progressive nominee for Senator received 233 votes in the district which undoubtedly came from the Republican ranks. This would indicate all the more strongly that Hensley was elected by Republican votes.

But the question really is, can he do it again? Rhodes, the Republican nominee this year, is a man who can be counted on to get the full party vote with the exception of those who "scratch" because of personal friendship for Hensley. This will be overbalanced by those who will "scratch" in Rhodes' favor. If the vote was to be taken on a strictly party line it would be an "even bet" but there was never a time when the voters were so independent in their thinking as now. We believe that the only hope the Democrats can have in carrying the district this fall is to find more Democrats that did not vote two years ago, for every indication points that there will be several hundred more Republican votes cast than there were at that time.—DeSoto Times.

A Wonderful Law.

When our wonderful Secretary of the Treasury, Crown Prince McAdoo, delivered an address at Cape Girardeau recently and explained the virtues of the Federal Reserve Act, a man from Missouri arose in the audience and said to the Secretary, "I want to ask a question. Since the Federal Reserve Act passed, can we borrow money any cheaper than before?"

"You certainly ought to," replied the Secretary.

"Yes, but can we?" persisted the questioner.

"That I don't know," was the response of the Crown Prince, who then added, "Don't forget one thing, you must assert your own rights. No law can ever be passed that will assure you the ability to make a certain loan at a certain rate. All the law can do is to establish certain rights, it rests on the citizens of the nation to enforce the rights."

So under the provision of this much heralded financial law, all a citizen now need do is to walk into his bank and assert his rights and demand a loan at his own rate of interest. If it is refused him let him indignantly walk out of the bank and find consolation in reading one of McAdoo's high sounding speeches.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President, CHARLES E. HUGHES.
For Vice-President, CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

For Senator in Congress, WALTER S. DICKEY.

For Governor, HENRY LAMM.

For Lieutenant Governor, ROY F. BRITTON.

For Secretary of State, WILLIAM C. ARKIN.

For State Auditor, GEORGE H. HARMANN.

For State Treasurer, L. D. THOMPSON.

For Attorney General, JAMES H. MASON.

For Judge of Supreme Court (Division No. 1), JAMES M. JOHNSON.

For Judge of Supreme Court (Division No. 2, unexpired term), EDWARD HIGBEE.

For Judge of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, WILLIAM DEE BICKER.

For Representative in Congress for the Thirteenth Congressional District, MARION E. RHODES.

For Judge of the Circuit Court for the Twenty-first Judicial District, JOHN H. REPPY.

For Representative, WILLIAM H. EVANS.

For Judge of the County Court, First District, W. B. COMPTON.

For Judge of the County Court, Second District, NASH W. TALLEY.

For Prosecuting Attorney, PARKER M. BANTA.

For Sheriff, LAWRENCE W. CASEY.

For County Treasurer, NORMAN F. ROBINSON.

For Assessor, JOHN N. COMPTON.

For Surveyor, JOHN B. HEASLER.

Road Dragging Time.

Few farm tasks bring more pleasure than dragging roads, both to him who drags and to him who enjoys a ride over a well dragged road. It is a little hard on the horses ahead of the drag on a hot day but an occasional rest helps them out.

There is every opportunity to get good results from road dragging now. The weather is likely to remain reasonably well settled and people have time both to drag and to use the roads. Chautauques are about over, but county fairs, picnics, outings, and many similar festivities are made more enjoyable by the liberal use of the drag. Coal, building material and supplies of all kinds can be hauled from town in much larger loads and in fewer trips if everyone along the road has done his share of the work.

A well dragged road in front of the farm is a great satisfaction to the owner, but why not give him the additional satisfaction of letting him know that you appreciate what he has done as you drive by? Why not tell him what you think and help establish a prize for the best dragged piece of road? There are few ways in which a little money will bring bigger results in road work than in stimulating friendly rivalry among the workers. A careful use of the drag may save the use of the road grader. J. O. Rankin, Missouri Agricultural Station.

Horses Still Indispensable.

As yet the motor truck does not appear to overshadow the requirement of the horse. On the contrary, says "Our Dumb Animals," the market prices in Boston indicate that the horse is more than holding its own against the new competitor. The local demand for horses is greater than it was a year ago, and higher prices are predicted. The steam locomotive, the electric motor and the bicycle never drove the horse off the roads. Automobiles to the number of hundreds of thousands are in daily use, and there is no lack of work for the horse. The advantages of heavy motor trucks have been proved, and yet more horses than ever are in demand. The explanation is that as the country is developed there is enough hauling for all classes of vehicles and that under certain conditions the horse is the most available means for moving commodities.

Advertise in the Journal.

The Way to Do It.

I asked eight dollars and a half for a fine black Polled Angus calf which price was not too high. I hooted it west, I hooted it east, endeavoring to sell the beast, but no one wished to buy. Day after day I toiled along, and bored men with the same old song, "I have a calf for sale. I ask eight bones and fifty cents for this unequalled critter, gente—who will dig up the tale?" Then said a friend, "Oh, rest your feet and quit your wearing out the street, and howling by the year, spend fifty cents and advertise your sawed off cow of pocket size and buyers will appear." I followed up that same advice and put my jaded feet on ice, and when the ad appeared ten customers came to my gate, one brought the calf and paid the freight the others looked and reared. And thus by printing little ads the wise man gathers in the shade, and rests his aching courts, a little ad will make more noise than fifty seven busy boys all tooting on their horns. —Walt Mason.

REAL LIFE ROMANCE

PRANK OF FATE THAT RESULTED IN HAPPY MARRIAGE.

She Was the "Other Girl" and He the Only "Good Looking" in the Regiment Which Was Embarking for War.

The scene of the first chapter of this romance is laid in a city on the western coast, a seaport from whose harbor there sailed during the year of the Spanish-American war many transports carrying to the Philippines troops of gay and gallant soldiers, most politely generous with their brass buttons.

On one of these occasions two young girls, thirsting for adventure, fared forth, armed with a kodak. Snapshots were taken of the soldiers marching down one of the principal streets from the train to the wharf, but a sad melancholy settled down upon the pair when they were forced to admit that these men were, Oh! so ordinary looking, not nearly so handsome as some of the regiments had been.

However, to vary the dull monotony which the whole episode was gradually assuming they amused themselves while the men were boarding the ship in endeavoring to pick out the really good-looking one. And they did—one, and one only. But he, being by that time on the upper deck, was quite unobtainable, so all the joy that could be extracted from an afternoon which had given such promise was the pleasure of waving good-by to him as the ship sailed away.

But what was their surprise when the snapshots of the marching soldiers were printed to discover that their "good-looking man" appeared in one of them. The pictures were soon posted into a book and the incident apparently closed.

The scene of the second and closing chapter is now shifted to a town about ten years later.

One of the two girls was living in this town. She was a schoolteacher. At a social gathering she met a young man who afterward called on her.

In the course of conversation she gave the name of her former home, and the young man remarked that he had been in that city just twice, once when he embarked with his regiment bound for the Philippines and once when he was on his way back after the war.

Of course, the old book of kodak views was promptly unearthed, and the girl was not a little surprised when he showed the picture of "the good-looking man," with the respectful announcement that it was his old comrade, Jack —, who resided in that very town, but was at that time away on his vacation.

When he returned he would bring him around, if he might, to see the pictures, in which he was able to distinguish many of his former friends. Jack came, he saw, he conquered, with the usual happy ending. I am and was the other girl.—Chicago Tribune.

Eye Protection at Movies.
Physicians are constantly advising patrons of the movies to protect their eyes. A writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association tells how it may be done.

"The progress made in the character of subjects presented in the movies today makes it desirable for all inquiring people to at least attend occasionally," he says. "Annoying after-effects on the eyes of many prevent them from enjoying the social advantages, thus derived. The great majority of those who suffer from eye strain after watching moving pictures can find much, if not complete, relief in perfectly fitted glasses. The picture may not be quite so sharp, but this is more than compensated for by the increased comfort.

"For those with very sensitive eyes a colored glass, either amber, yellowish green or amethyst, may be necessary to give complete relief. There have been put on the market recently several varieties of colored glass, each of which has some advantages, so that some suitable color can usually be selected."

What a Checking Account Will Do

A CHECKING ACCOUNT WILL GIVE YOU A STANDING IN A COMMUNITY WHICH YOU CANNOT HOPE TO ATTAIN OTHERWISE.

IT COOKS NEARER TO INSURING YOUR CREDIT, POSITION AND SUCCESS THAN ANY OTHER POSSESSION. IT IS YOURS IF YOU WISH IT.

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You invest in good white flour than from any other article of food you buy.

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We make it from Washington County wheat.
We call it "WASHINGTON."
It has a reputation for the best.
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We ask you to use it.
You will be pleased if you do.

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**REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS
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COUNTY MAPS

POTOSI, MISSOURI

MUSIC OF BARBARY STATES

Strange and Weird Tunes Are Those Played by Men of the Great Desert.

"The four Barbary states are Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Tripoli," is a lesson most of us learned in childhood, and most of us know very little more about them today.

Mrs. Mabel L. Todd comments on the wonderful mental quickness of the children of Tripoli, in "Tripoli the Mysterious." They acquire languages, she declares, with easy French, Italian, and all the languages that are current in their narrow stream. The strange music of the city, too, the weird chants, the cymbals, baglamas and queer stringed instruments, all deeply impressed the American visitor.

Sometimes at dawn, when roost and minarets were dazzlingly white against the sapphire sky, while yet the labyrinthine streets at the bottom of steep canyons lay in twilight gray, strange men from the desert would stalk by, making wailing music.

One of them, very tall and blacker than most, was dressed in a low-necked, short-sleeved garment, greatly abbreviated as to skirt; playing melody in a minor mode unknown to the West, and his stride was full of dignity well-nigh appalling.

The instrument slightly resembled a Scotch bagpipe decorated with barbaric strings of shells and beads, an inflated skin with primitive mouthpiece, and at the opposite end two pointed projections like horns. His companion bent upon a curious little tambour, and now and then sang a bloodcurdling chant.

Black boys followed, jumped, shouted, danced like wild creatures, emitted beyond all bounds by this eddy compelling music, as the rhythm penetrated and seized their imagination. Although these men of mystery generally passed about unseen, they sometimes went by in the night; once or twice the weird performances took place about two o'clock in the morning. The minarets always walked with parallel swiftness, intent upon the eastern horizon in haste.

YOU ought to read the Journal.